

## FARM AND HOUSE.

### For the Cook.

**MOCK MINCE PIE.**—One cup of raisins, (chopped,) one cup of currants, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of water, one-half cup of vinegar, four crackers, (powdered,) and all kinds of spices. Bake between crusts.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, five cups of flour, and the yolks of six and whites of three eggs. Bake six layers on jelly tins. The whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth with one cup of sugar, the grated peel of one orange and the juice of two, if large. Spread the thin mixture on to five layers, then add sugar for the top sufficient to make a frosting. This is very nice.

**EGGLESS SQUASH PIE.**—Stew the squash till very dry; press through a colander; to each pint of squash allow one tablespoonful each butter and cinnamon, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful ginger, a little salt, and a few crackers rolled very fine. Add milk according to judgment.

**MUSH AND CHEESE.**—Swiss guides and porters who have to bear extreme cold, which is always supposed to require much animal food, and whose labors are severe, are said to live entirely on a diet of potatoes (mashed) and cheese, and to be fine, hardy specimens of manhood, carrying great weight with ease. The East India coolies live on a little butter with his rice and pulse, but his climate is very different from the bracing air of the Alps, frosty air that anywhere else would be supposed to create a demand for the heaviest animal food. There is considerable (vegetables) oil in mush, and cheese furnishes albumen; so that in this simple diet are combined the carbons and nitrogens of food.

### A Pretty Bedroom.

A room recently fitted up for a clergyman's little daughter by the ladies of the congregation as an expression of their regard, is thus described in the Decorator and Furnisher:

The walls were covered with paper in a pretty design of daisies and bluests (ragged sailors) upon a creamy, latticed ground. The ceiling was painted sky blue, with dome effect given by deepening the colors toward the edges. Two or three feathery clouds heightened the illusion, and a flight of three or four swallows swept across the sky surface toward the windows. The carpet was of a remarkable for its harmony with the situation, being simply an ordinary Brussels, with a ground matching the wall-paper tint, and so closely covered with small spring flowers that the effect was almost chequered. A dark blue border and one or two rugs relieved the eye and prevented a garish appearance. The doors and window frames were fortunately of ash, and so in thorough accord with the predominant tint of the room, which was blue. The window curtains were models of dainty simplicity. They were made of cottage drapery, a figured Swiss muslin rather thicker than the dress material of that name, and woven with a border on one selvage, which repeated the center pattern; in this case the figure was a daisy the size of a dime, with a line of the same flowers twice the size between two strips of a border. The novelty about the curtains an addition made by cutting two horizontal slits two inches long across the border between the stripes, at intervals of six inches apart, and buttonholing the edges loosely, making a succession of bias, in and out of which was slipped a blue ribbon two inches broad. Bands and bows of the same ribbon were used for looping the curtains back.

The furniture was of bamboo, and all of the pieces were of smaller size than the same articles in ordinary rooms, yet not sufficiently dwarfed to be useless. A miniature lounge and two easy chairs were covered with buff and blue cretonne, and blue ribbon bows were tied upon the upper corners of the graceful little cane seat chairs. The small bed was low, with an airy extension of bamboo rods at the head springing to hold up a large ring, through which a curtain of Swiss muslin, like those at the windows, was drawn. A folding bamboo screen in front of the mantle and two panels of cream and two of blue satin. The former were decorated with snow balls and bluests in arched embroidery, the latter with daisies in ribbon work. The armchair and chair were a third smaller than full sized furniture and the dressing bureau was of similar dimensions. All the dainty toilet appointments of the latter were decorated with blue and the frame of the long dressing table was covered with a full ruche of blue silk.

Some choice engravings and colored photographs representing phases of childhood and girlhood were hung upon the walls by blue cords and tassels, and the small book shelves were filled with such books as young people enjoy.

In reference to the newly awakened fears of even the best plumbing in sleeping rooms, there was no stationary basin, but a washstand, in rapport with the other furniture, held a daintily modeled antique toilet set with a dado design of water plants upon cream color, with swallows above on a sky blue ground.

Replacing the door of a large closet was a portiere of Swiss muslin, which, being drawn, revealed a play-house on a scale so expensive and complete that it might be questioned whether dolls or their owners were most charmingly lodged. The happy little proprietor of this room and annex, on returning from the country, where she had been sent while the surprise was prepared for her, says that half of the first night she spent in her pretty new bed was passed in congratulating herself on her new possessions and the rest in gazing entranced into the fairy-like precincts of the play-house, which was illuminated by a tiny chandelier fed by red gas.

### The Pork Barrel.

A tub largest at the bottom and tapering toward the top, of sufficient size to contain a year's supply, is the best vessel in which to store pork; when packed as it should be the meat will not rise to

the top, the slant of the tub holding it down. It should be placed edgewise, in regular layers as solid as possible. After putting a layer of salt in the bottom of the tub (and if pounded down with a maul the better), fill the interstices with meat; then layers of salt between layers of meat, and so on till the tub is filled; then fill up with pure water. If the barrel is sweet, salt pure and pork sound, there never will be any dark aged pork; nor will skimming or scaling the brine be necessary in order to have sweet pork the year round.

The old salt left in the bottom of the barrel is, so far as it goes, just as good as new for continued use. Never have we had one piece of pork loose at a time while using, and keep a stone on that between meats, for pork that comes to the air will rust after a little, and have packed and kept pork in this way annually for thirty years, and never had a pound of it injured. The injury of which such frequent complaint is made is due to some neglect or carelessness, and it would seem that people of common prudence would not be so often caught with damaged pork.—Charles Mason, Lake Co., Ohio.

### Influence of Food on Milk.

The influence of food upon the quality of milk has called forth, first and last, much discussion and in this country it is generally conceded that food has very much to do with it. The contrary opinion, however, has some advocates who base their conclusions merely upon the experiments made by Dr. Kuhn at the Moeckern Agricultural Station in Saxony. It is claimed that he demonstrated that the feeding of a cow has nothing to do with the quality of milk, and the necessary consequence is that we can not increase the ratio or proportion of cream or butter in a cow's milk by any change of food, however rich it may be. This is so much at variance with the experience of dairymen on this side of the ocean that most dairy people are skeptical about these experiments. Curiously led to an investigation of the methods employed in these experiments and the revelations were not a little surprising. The milk of Saxon cows, if the agricultural reports are to be credited, is of remarkable richness, four and five quarts yielding a pound of butter. We venture to say that such cows are not to be found anywhere outside of Saxony. The conclusion is irresistible that the statement in these reports, as well as that of the Doctor himself, may be taken with many grains of allowance.

### Poultry Management.

The careless poultry-keeper is often surprised by finding, early on some cold, frosty October morning, a brood of chicks fresh from the shell. The surprise can hardly gladden the sight of the owner, for there can be no hope of raising them in the inclement weather. If a few survive they are of small value, always dwarfed and imperfect. This is the result of direct negligence. If the fowls had been kept in confinement, or every hen made to give an account of herself at the morning feed, this trouble might have been avoided. These are the persons who say that fowls do not pay for their keep, and they are only kept around to please the women folk.

Fowls should not be allowed to steal their nests. They are never so profitable as when kept in confinement—in summer in ample yards, and in winter in roomy, comfortable buildings. The eggs can always be found where they are laid, and there are no late broods coming out at the beginning of winter. I have frequently heard the indifferent poultry-keeper remark that it is better for a hen to steal her nest and come off in late summer. Her brood is then no trouble, and the chicks are all pretty sure to live and grow up. I know better. Experience has taught me that the early-hatched chicks will feed and raised; is worth two of these late, neglected ones. I do not leave it to the fowls what kind or sort of chicks I shall raise; I like to control this matter myself. I have a choice, and I know which my best fowls are. From them only do I make my stock. Of course fowls kept in confinement are more trouble, but there is no branch of farming that pays better for the outlay than the keeping of fowls. The stock must be right, and then there will be found little difficulty, with a steady application to the business. All the fowls' wants must be supplied. A hen should never be set after the 10th of June, and not then unless it be on eggs of some small and early-matured breed. This gives an opportunity for every feather to get full growth in warm weather, after which the fowl takes on fat rapidly. Lean poorly-kept hens will not lay, and lean poultry is not fit for market. The rule should be to give good keeping at all times and seasons.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

### Materials for Bedding.

Materials for bedding horses and cattle kept in stables are becoming scarce and high in many parts of the country, as they have been for a long time in most European countries. The value of straw employed for bedding horses is washed after it has been used for that purpose and is sold to paper manufacturers. Recently sawdust, sand, peat and dried clay have been employed as substitutes for straw for bedding horses and dairy cows. Attention has also been called to the different kinds of mosses that grow in many parts of the country. The moss found in bogs in all the Northern states any which is used by nurserymen for packing trees and bushes is also found to make very good bedding after it is dried. All kinds of mosses can be compressed into very small bulk by the baling process, and put in a form to be readily and cheaply transported. The best litter is that which will absorb most urine. According to Bousignault, bean, buckwheat, and pulse straws are first, as they absorb three times their weight of liquid; wheat straw, but twice its weight, and dried earth, but one-half.—Chicago Times.

The brewery of F. Kowitz, at Cannon Falls was destroyed by fire with its contents lost, \$15,000; insurance \$6,000.

### TAKE HEART.

All day the storm wind has blown From off the dark and briny sea; No bird has past the window e'er, The only song has been the moan The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the summer's burial time; She died when dropped the earliest leaves. An old upon her rusty plume Fell down the autumn's frosty rime— Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know on sunny seas The blue-bird waits for sunny skies; And at the root of forest trees The mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease, And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown Beside some golden summer's bier,— Take heart!—thy birds are only fowls, Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful down, To greet thee in the autumn year.

### RICH OR POOR.

"So you've come back again, Jerome?" said old Mr. Sewell. "Well, we heard you was thinkin' of returnin' to Elm Mountain. Bad pennies always come back—ha! ha! ha! And you did not make such a big fortune as you calculated, eh?"

Jerome Clay leaned over the old zig-zag rail fence and rubbed his eyes. Had time stood still all these years while he had been in the South? For here was Farmer Sewell in the same old blue-checked overalls, with the same battered straw hat, the same wrinkles between his brows, driving the same old red cows home through the twilight lanes, where the scent of trampled spear-mint came up, and the melancholy notes of a whippoorwill sounded faintly on the purple silence.

And yet—and yet it was twenty odd years since he had left Elm Mountain, with all his worldly goods balanced in a bundle on his back. He had been a dashing lad of twenty-one, then; there were silver hairs in his black locks, now, and he left a dead past buried under the sweet magnolia groves. And here was Moses Sewell, just the same as ever, only a trifle yellower and more dried up.

"Yes," Clay said, quietly, "I've come back, and you are right when you say that fortune don't grow on every bush."

"Goin' to your uncle's house," said Mr. Sewell, leaning over the bars. "He's dead and buried, poor fellow. Always had a weak chest you know. And the girls ain't no younger. The three old maids we call 'em—ha, ha, ha!"

And again the old farmer chuckled himself into a state of semi-suffocation. "Come in and see us," said he. "My daughter Aurilla," she's come back a widow and does tailorin' and plain sewin'." The old woman's stone deaf but she's dreadful quick at catchin' a person's meaning!

And off he trudged over the patches of sweet smelling spear-mint, his broad brim vanishing into the gloom like a shadow.

"Three old maids, eh?" repeated Jerome Clay to himself. "Clara and Bess, and little Kate, the golden-haired beauty, the soft-eyed poetess, the wild little sprite who was a mixture of Undine and Queen Mab. The nurely, Father Time has not stood still!"

The light shone out, as of old, from the red-curtained casement, the great fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and the three cousins greeted the returned wanderer with unaffected warmth.

They were changed, of course. What else could have been expected? The beauty had grown sharp and freckled and her lovely hair had lost its burrishness, and she was not quite so tidy as she used to be in the old days about her wrinkles and frills. Soft-eyed Bessie's sweet voice had degenerated into a whine; she had grown round-shouldered and lost one of her front teeth; and little Kate was a stout, middle-aged woman, who reminded one of Undine no more.

But they were cousins still—the girls who had played and romped and flirted with him in due arithmetical progression. And there still existed a bond of steadfast friendship, and he told them the story of the Southern wife who had been buried for five years under the magnolias, and they all sympathized and beauty even cried a little.

"I've brought my three children to the North," he said. "I left them in New York, and if I can get some genuine, wholesome woman to take charge of my home, I'm thinking of settling here in Elm Mountain. Clara, dear, you used to be fond of me in the old times! What do you say to undertaking the charge?"

The beauty seemed to grow smaller, sharper, more business-like, in a second; if cousin Jerome had come home a millionaire, she would have jumped into his arms.

But Clara Neely was not romantically inclined. To her, love in a cottage possessed no charms.

"I couldn't, Jerome," she answered, quickly. "I'm not very strong, and I couldn't assume any responsibility of this arduous nature. Besides, I'm not fond of children. I'm rather obliged to you, I'm sure, but I'd rather not."

Jerome Clay bit his lip.

"Of course," he said, "it is for you to decide. But if Jessie—"

The poetess shrugged her shoulders, and laughed a light, shrill-sounding carol.

"Cousin Jerome," said she, "it's just as well to be frank about these matters. I wouldn't marry a poor man—not if I loved him like Romeo and Juliet. It's bad enough to scrape along as we do here, with only half what one requires to live on decently. But to plunge into poverty, with two or three children belonging to another woman no, I thank you."

For time, as may easily be perceived, had eliminated a great deal of poetical element from Bessie Neely's soul.

The quondam Undine did not wait for the question, as far as she was concerned, but added, promptly, "I'm quite agreed with her sister in all these matters."

"It's such a pity you didn't stay here,

where you were well off, Jerome," said she, in the pitying, patronizing manner which your genuine man most abhors. "Dear pa, you know, always disappointed of your going south. And you ought to have got the situation of agent to the White Castle Place, at eight hundred a year, and a cottage found, if you'd only been here on the spot. Pa used to know the old agent, and could have recommended you!"

Jerome smiled.

"White Castle?" said he. "That's the big house on the hill, where we children used to peep at the roses and white grapes through the glass sides of the great greenhouse. A grand place, as I remember it."

"And the position of agent is most responsible, and highly considered," broke in Bessie.

Jerome Clay went away feeling rather depressed.

It is not the lot of every man to be thrice rejected in one evening.

"They think I am a failure in life," said he, half smiling, half sighing. "Well perhaps they are not wrong. People's ideas differ."

Aurilla Haven, the old farmer's daughter, had been a wild hoyden of a schoolgirl when Jerome Clay went south. She was a silent pale woman of three and thirty now, who did the "tailorin'" work of the neighborhood, and had hard work to get along.

But her dark brown eyes lighted up when Mr. Clay spoke of his far-off home and her cheek glowed scarlet when Mr. Sewell chuckled out:

"So the three old maids wouldn't have nothing to say to you? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you blame them?" said Jerome.

"Well, no," confessed the old man. "Gals naturally want to better themselves nowadays. If you'd come back with your pockets full of gold, they'd sing a different song, you'd see."

Aurilla looked pitying at Jerome Clay. She, too, had found life a failure, and in her quiet way did all that she could to comfort the tall, quiet man, who had hired the spare chamber in her father's house for a few weeks, since his cousins had altogether omitted to invite him: as their guest at the old place.

She was not pretty—never had been—but she had a sweet, oval face, with fringed eyes, and a mild, wistful expression, which Jerome Clay liked.

And one day she spoke out what was in her heart.

"Mr. Clay," she said, "I can't help thinking of those poor, little, motherless children of yours. If you bring them here, I'll take care of them. I always liked children, and it shall cost you nothing. Father will let me have the big north bed room for a nursery, and their board won't signify. They can go to the public school, and I'll make their clothes, if you'll buy the material."

"Aurilla, you are a genuine woman!" said Mr. Clay, earnestly. "None of my cousins have spoken to me like this. It's a beautiful place!" said Aurilla.

"Possibly," dryly remarked Mr. Clay. "But, Aurilla," gently retaining her hand, "is it of my children only that you think? Have you no tender, pitying feeling—the sweet sensation that is akin to love, you know—for me? Aurilla will you be my wife?"

"No," she said, "I do not refuse."

"Now that you have promised to marry me," said Jerome Clay, "I will tell you all my plans, Aurilla. I have bought a house here—"

"Here, Jerome?"

"Yes, here. Will you come with me to look at it?"

"I'll go wherever you wish, Jerome," said the bride-elect, in a sort of innocent bewilderment.

Mr. Clay put her into a little carriage at the door, and drove her up the mountain-side, through the huge, stone gateway of White Castle, to the velvet lawns in front of the colonnade. A portico, where statues of Genus and Prosperina stood in dazzling marble on either side, and an antique sun-dial marked the golden footsteps of the God of Day.

"It's a beautiful place!" said Aurilla.

"He answered quietly, "it is our home."

"You mean to tell me, dear," cried the delighted widow, "that you've been fortunate enough to acquire the agency?"

"I thought Mr. Wright—"

"Mr. Wright is the agent still," said Clay.

"What I mean is that I have bought White Castle and its ground. This fine old house is to be your home henceforward, Aurilla."

"But, Jerome, I thought you were a poor man?"

"Did I ever tell you so?" he laughingly retorted. "Did I ever tell anyone so? If the good people in Elm Mountain choose to believe me a pauper, is it fair to hold me responsible for their rash consciousness? No, Aurilla! In money, I am rich beyond my wildest aspirations. But when first I came to Elm Mountain, I believed myself bankrupt, indeed, in the sweet coil of love and human kindness. Sweet-heart, it is so with me now. It was your hand that unlocked the gate of happiness to me; it shall be your hand that is to reap the rich reward."

He bent, and kissed her forehead tenderly.

"But the children?" she cried.

"The children are with their maternal aunt, at the Windsor hotel in New York," he answered. "The boy is soon to enter college, and the girls are both engaged to be married to southern gentlemen, and after a brief visit here will return to New Orleans with their aunt. So, my darling, your tender solicitude was not required after all!"

Aurilla sighed softly. She had sorely longed for the touch of little children's hands in her own, the sound of small, child voices in her ear. But she looked into Jerome's loving eyes, and was satisfied. He loved her—was not that enough?

And the Three Old Maids are sharper, more untidy and shrill-voiced than ever, since they have realized the fatal mistake they made in refusing the overtures of their cousin Jerome.

And the tenderest affection they apply to Mrs. Jerome Clay. Things would have been so widely different if they had known.

### GAFFED BY A 'GATOR.

Joseph Johnson, a Young Lad Co. by a Monster Gator.

From the Valdosta, Ga., Times.

Captain R. B. Johnson, of this county, writes us the following particulars of a desperate struggle with a monster alligator in which his little nephew, played an unwilling part, seems that Henderson's mill, on the northern part of the county, nearly dried up, and one day last was closed by the neighbors for fishing frolic. Captain Johnson, a little son, joined twenty-five or others in the undertaking, as known that trout and the various perch family were to be had in great quantities by the gator. They were supplied with nets, fish traps, and other appliances, and were so here and there over the now pond playing havoc with the fish.

Master Joseph carried a bag of sack, in which to deposit the fish he caught. When loaded with a bag he could carry he would take the sack and make a deposit and return more. In making one of these while wading through the water three feet deep, some distance from fishermen, a monster alligator, a be of unusual size, rose suddenly at the boy and seized him by the hand. A desperate struggle ensued—battled for his life and the alligator's prey. It so happened that the which lung by the boy's side, was in the alligator's mouth with the and it proved a sort of shield—

brine greatly the incisions made by the teeth, and thus perhaps cutting a shock to his nervous system, which might have made him faint without the struggle which saved his life. By an effort—one of the perhuman efforts which come to only when facing death—the boy's bleeding flesh from the alligator's jaws. The monster grimly held the sack a moment with a delusion that he still had his prey, affording a opportunity to escape. He joyfully extricated himself from the death of the fishermen, and by the struggle, were at hand, as other battle ensued. Thirty men with gizz, poles, pocket-knives and other instruments of war as we hand, charged upon the monster, in three feet of water, the gator considerable advantage, but these had their blood up and were not out-done, when one of the party bold to seize him by the tail and

gator were too many of them. He tore to slip around with his tail, a similar mode of gator warfare had to give up the fight. A he was plunged into his mouth, and was safe to approach with pocket-knives. Soon his head was severed from body, and the victorious party moved out of the pond with the monster's pole. Fortunately a physician among the party, and he at once set the boy's wounds. Captain Johnson writes us that Master Joseph, who suffers much, is doing well, and likely be out soon.

### Forty Years Ago.

Fashions of Our Fathers, and That Were Familiar, Now. By Prentice Mulford.

Forty years ago the lecturer's nature course had not made their appearance. The village debating society of regular winter occurrence, discussed "What was the greater man, George Washington or Christopher Columbus?" "What invention has been most useful to mankind, the art of printing the mariner's compass?"

The land was free for all to shoot. Beech-loaders and "shells" or "ridges" were thought of. Game cut their own wads, poured the powder into the muzzle, then a full of shot, adjusted the percussion and banged away. But if a fowling-piece was not improved, game of all descriptions was far plentiful. Forty years ago deer still native to the pine forests of Island, and a yearly hunt for these organized by the sporting element of this country.

The trunk of the period was covered with small brass nails. The brass smasher had barely been developed. Values were long and narrow. Hats were not out of date.

City hotels called the guests to the bar by the gong or dinner-bell. The lord sat at the head of the table, carved the breakfast steak, the dinner was served with great formality. The waiter, when the covers from the dining table given signal, bore them aloft out of room, then reappeared and carried dishes to be carved at side tables.

The oyster saloon of that time furnished with "stalls" and cur-recesses affording parties more secluded and quiet than those of to-day. It was without a cloth-covered balcony, sign, painted red, inside of which candle was stuck at night.

The bar of the period was more than that of the present, but the was better. Brandy was not out. In the city drinks were three cents for the screen" and six cents for the Six cent drinks were deemed elegant and so were three cent drinks. Among old and prosperous could be found more-out-gasted and port or Madeira in the close the sideboard than to-day. Half of the smaller agricultural villages years ago maintained one or two taverns where now they are non-existent and interpenetration among natives was far more general.

The "solid men" of the town belonged to engine companies, and pumped fully at fires. A village fire often initiated in a subdued and respectful course to stimulants at once hours, and the rest followed. The age engine was always under after a fire and always made one. Homeholders were required to law to keep leather buckets at fires. They hung in the street had the owner's name painted on in white letters.